

John Holmes

3

Ifigenia in Tauride,

A

Serious Opera,

IN

TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY

GLUCK.

AS REPRESENTED

KING'S THEATRE, HAY-MARKET.

Translated from Mr. L. Da Ponte Poet of this Theatre. K

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1796.

Figures in Tenside

Various Other

TWO ACTS

THE

CLACK

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Printed by W. Clendon, and Co. No. 1, Courtney Court, Haymarket.

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HAYMARKET.



PROLEGOMENA,

TO THE

Lyric Tragedy of Iphigenia in Tauride.

A C T I

The left hand of the Theatre represents a sacred Forest, and at the further end the Temple of Diana, with a View of the Sea at a distance.

SCENE I.

THE Overture announces the dawn of day with the sky scene. which becomes obscured by clouds, and a furious tempest commences—

Iphigenia followed by Priestesses. *[or vestals*

Coming out of the temple struck with terror—during the tempest they express their emotion with cries of grief and despair—the clouds begin to disperse, the horizon again serene, and calm succeeds the storm.

Iphigenia relates with agitation, a dream she had that night, when she saw her fathers' palace destroyed to ashes by lightning, her father murdered by his wife, and herself assisting to stab her brother Orestes.

The priestesses express their horror with chanting—Iphigenia offers her prayers to Diana, beseeching her to take her life away which she has till now protected, being weary of her existence.

SCENE II.

To them Thoantes and Guards.

Thoantes with some emotion tells Iphigenia that his mind is tortured by an awful impression, entreats her to dispel his terror, and appease the gods with sacrifices of blood. Iphigenia answers, that the gods are deaf to her prayers and sacrifices nor offerings will not appease their wrath.

SCENE III.

To them the people of Scythia.

Upon their arrival, they announce that the gods have ceased their wrath, a Scythian acquaints Thoantes that two Grecian youths have been found on the borders of the Island.

Thoantes invites the priestesses to repair forthwith to the temple, where the victims will soon be conveyed. All the priestesses exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The people express their joy with singing and dancing, mean while Orestes and Pylades are brought in chains.

SCENE V.

Thoantes interrogates Orestes and Pylades respecting the cause of their voyage, who refuse to answer his request.

Thoantes tells them, that their audacity has forfeited their lives, and orders them to close confinement. Exeunt omnes.

The scene changes

Representing a subterraneous part of the temple destined for victims.

SCENE VI.

Orestes and Pylades.

Orestes overpowered by sorrow, calls to his recollection all his crimes. Pylades endeavours to comfort him.

SCENE VII.

A minister of the temple and guards.

Deaf to their entreaties, the minister parts Orestes and Pylades, and by his command, they are torn away from each other's arms and exit with Pylades.

SCENE VIII.

Orestes solus.

After an interval of reflection, furiously accuses heaven, pouring imprecations against the gods. Is at last overpowered with despair, and seemingly losing his senses reclines on the trunk of a tree.

SCENE IX.

The Furies and other infernal Deities.

The furies form different groups surrounding Orestes, and with menaces reproach him of his crimes.

Orestes with insensible agitation, and inarticulate accents, expresses his remorse. In vain he implores mercy of the gods. They are inexorable. The furies still tormenting him, represent the murder of his mother Clytemnestra pierced with wounds and covered with blood. Orestes appears to recover from his lethargy, and as he rises, believes he sees his mother whom he calls in the greatest distress of mind.

SCENE X.

Iphigenia, Orestes, and Priestesses.

The furies disappear unperceived by Iphigenia, the moment that the gates of the temple are opened. Iphigenia expresses to Orestes how much she is interested in his fate. Orders his chains to be loosened. She questions him, but Orestes wishing to avoid an answer, to which he at last yields by the continual entreaties of the priestesses. He tells her he was born at Mycene. That Agamemnon fell by the hands of his wife, and she was killed by her son Orestes, who at last met with death's impartial blow. And that Electra alone remains of Mycene. Iphigenia struck with his recital orders him to withdraw.

SCENE XI.

Iphigenia and the Priestesses.

Deploing their own and their country's wrongs.



A C T II

SCENE I.

Iphigenia and Priestesses.

Iphigenia in concert with the priestesses agree to save one of the two strangers; by the age and mien of one of them she thinks to discover some similarity to her brother Orestes. The priestesses announce to Iphigenia the approach of Orestes and Pylades.

Iphigenia orders the priestesses to withdraw.

SCENE II.

Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades.

Orestes and Pylades express the joy they receive to see each other again.

Iphigenia moved by their transports, tells them that she is a Grecian also, and would yield her own existence to save them—but she can save only one, and hopes that him who may be spared will promise to convey a letter to Argus, where still some of her friends reside. Orestes and Pylades swear to obey her request.

Iphigenia hesitates on the choice she is to make, and at last decides in favour of Orestes, telling him that she is going to give orders for his immediate departure.

SCENE III.

Orestes and Pylades.

Pylades shews signs of joy that by his death, he saves the life of his friend Orestes, who himself insists to die and renounces the choice the Queen has made. Hence a combat of friendship ensues between them. Orestes overwhelmed with despair and rage, and by Pylades resistance, falls motionless into the arms of his friend.

Pylades at last yields to him, and consents to live.

SCENE IV.

To them Iphigenia and Priestesses.

Iphigenia orders the Priestesses to lead away Pylades.

Orestes tells Iphigenia that she was mistaken in her choice and 'tis him who ought to die. The priestesses will not acquiesce to Orestes' wishes, assures him that an irresistible power prevents her to perform that rite upon him. But as Orestes has declared that if his friend is not spared, he will with his own hand give himself a mortal blow, therefore she with great regret agrees that

Pylades shall depart. The priestesses lead Orestes away.

SCENE V.

Iphigenia and Pylades.

Iphigenia gives him a letter for Electra, who promises to deliver it if the gods permit him.

SCENE VI.

Pylades solus.

Invokes friendship, promises to save Orestes, or to die in his stead. Exit.

The scene changes

It represents the interior of the temple of Diana. The statue of the goddess is elevated on a pedestal in the middle of the sanctuary, before which there is the altar of sacrifice.

SCENE VII.

Iphigenia sola.

Implores the goddess to dispel the remorse that oppresses her, and to inspire into her heart the voice of humanity.

SCENE VIII.

The Priestesses, Iphigenia, and Orestes.

The priestesses leading Orestes, and invoking the goddess. Iphigenia falls on a chair overpowered by grief. Orestes consoles her, and assures her that the interest she takes in his misfortunes greatly lessen those pangs and torments he then endures.

Meantime the priestesses are chanting hymns to the honour of Diana, and conduct Orestes before the statue of the goddess. Then they adorn her with garlands purified by perfumes and libations. After which some lead Orestes to the altar of sacrifice, and two others go to fetch Iphigenia, who is scarce able to sustain herself at the performance of the sacrifice.

Iphigenia takes the sacred knife and, with a trembling hand, is on the point of striking Orestes, who at that instant says, that his sister Iphigenia died also in Aulide. By these words he makes himself known to the priestess. The sacred knife falls from her hand, and after the first emotions of tenderness, she informs him how Diana saved her in Aulide from the fury of the Greeks.

SCENE IX.

To them a Grecian Woman.

She comes to announce that Thoantes is hastily approaching, and that he is informed Iphigenia has saved one of the captives. The chorus implore the assistance of the Gods.

Iphigenia places her brother under the protection of the statuary.

SCENE X.

To them Thoantes, Officers, and Guards.

Thoantes tells Iphigenia that he is well informed of her treachery, and that she will be punished, ordering her immediately to immolate the captive, Iphigenia resists, Thoantes commands his guards to drag the victim to the altar.

Iphigenia then declares that the victim is her own brother and king, and claims assistance of the priestesses to defend him. Thoantes seeing that his guards are struck with remorse, he reproaches them, and himself advances to sacrifice Orestes.

SCENE XI.

To them Pylades, with a number of Grecians.

At the instant that Thoantes is lifting up his arm to strike Iphigenia, Pylades enters furiously, strikes Thoantes, who immediately drops dead.

(x)

The Scythians are on the point of revenging the death of their king, but are repulsed by Pylades and Orestes at the head of the Grecians whom Pylades had brought. During the combat Diana descends from a cloud.

SCENE XII.

To them Diana.

Diana commands to cease the battle, and bids the Scythians to give up her statue to the Greeks, assuring Orestes that she will henceforth protect him, and ascends to the clouds.

SCENE XIII.

All the above personages except Diana.
Orestes presents his sister Iphigenia to Pylades.
The chorusses chanting hymns of thanks, &c.

THE END.

PERFORMERS.

Ifigenia gran Sacerdotessa d' }
Diana, } Madame BANTI.

Oreste Tratello d' Ifigenia } Signor VIGANONI.

Pilade, Principe Greco Ami- }
ce, d' Oreste } Signor ROSELLI

Toante Re di Tawide } Signor ROVEDINO.

Un Ministro di Toante

Sacerdosse.

Un Scita

Sciti

Guardie di Toante

Eumenidi e Demoni

Greci del seguito di Pilade





ATTO PRIMO.

SCENA I.

Il teatro rappresenta nel fondo l'entrata del Tempio di Diana ; nel davanti il bosco sacro che lo precede, e circonda. Si sentiranno al principio della Sinfonia de colpi di fulmine che si succederanno più rapidamente a misura che quella prosegue. Tinirà con una furiosa tempesta. Il giorno è incominciato, ma oscuro per le nubi, e il teatro non è illuminato che dallo splendore dei Lampi.

Ifigenia, le Sacerdotesse.

- Ifi. **N**UMI eterni soccorso a noi date,
Distornate gli strali di morte,
Su le teste degli empi tuonate,
Innocenza a noi fiede nel cor.
- Cor. Numi eterni, &c.
- Ifi. Se quest'aure crudeli, e sinistre
Son l'oggetto del vostro furor,
Non sdegnate a noi vostre ministre
D'offerire un asilo miglior.
- Cor. Numi eterni, &c.
- Ifi. Questa man santamente feroce
Più non tinga di sangue gli altari,
E da voi questo popolo impari
Ad usar co' mortali pietà !



ACT I.

SCENE I.

The further end of the Stage represents the entrance into the Temples of Diana, which is preceeded and surrounded by the sacred Wood....At the commencement of the Symphony will be heard several Thunder claps, rapidly repeating as the Symphony encreases, and ending in a furious Tempest. The Day breaks, but obscured by Clouds, and the Stage has no other light than from the Splendor of Lightning.

Iphigenia and the Vestals.

Iph. **E**TERNAL Powers, listen to our pray'r,
These harbingers of death from us forbear;
On faithless heads your roaring thunder roll,
For innocence alone, reigns in our soul.

Chorus Eternal powers, &c. &c.

Iph. If this our cruel, unprosperous retreat,
Is the source, your vengeance we meet,
A happier soil deign us to design,
Votaries we are to your power divine.

Chorus Eternal powers, &c.

Iph. May this holy powerful hand
No more with blood taint this land;
And from you all mortals know,
How to others kind mercy show....

Cor. Numi eterni. *[mentre si cantano le due prime strofe la tempesta va insensibilmente scemando, il turbine si allontana, cessa, e il giorno cresce, e diventa chiaro a misura che la scena avvanza.]*

Ifi. I numi al nostro pianto
Alfin placan lo sdegno,
La calma già risplende;
Ma infondo a questo core
Ah del turbine ancor sento l'orrore.

una } Oh ciel! dunque Ifigenia
Sai... } Può sventure temer?

altra } Ma donde nasce
Scu. } L'oriendo turbamento
Che l'anima v'opprime.

Ifi. Oh Dei!

Sac. Parlate
Gran profapia de 'numi:
Uguale è il nostro fato;
Lungi da patri nidi
A questi infausti lidi,
Condotte pria con voi,
Non fu il vostro destin comun per noi

Ifi. Questa notte io rividi
Del padre mio la Reggia
Ai cari amplessi suoi lieta io correa
Dimenticando in quei dolei momenti
L'antico suo rigore,
E tre lustri d'orrore,
Tremar sento la terra
Il sole inorridito
Fugge un loco abborrito
S'empie l'aria di foco,
E il fulmine strisciando
Su quelle mura scoppia
Cui divorando incende,
Fuori delle fumanti atre ruine,
Esce una voce tenera, e dolente,
Che fin nel più profondo,
Mi rintuona dell'anima: io corro; io volo

Chorus Eternal powers, &c. [*While chanting the two first stanzas the tempest gradually decreases. The storm is heard at a distance, which ceases, and the days become brighter as the scene advances.*]

Iph. The Gods our pray'r have heard;
 Their wrath seems now appeased,
 And calm assumes its pristine splendour.
 Alas! still this my poor heart;
 I feel oppress'd by horror and fear....

A vest. Heaven! Does Iphigenia's breast
 Dread calamities?

2 vest. Whence this arises this horrid fear,
 That thus oppresses your soul?

yh. Ye Gods!—

1 vest. Speak—say
 Thou favorite of the Gods
 Equal with you is our fate;
 Distant from our native land
 To this inauspicious shore,
 Cheerfully we followed you,
 And do we not here share your woes?

Iph. This night methought I saw
 My father's royal mansion,
 With eager joy to his arms I flew
 Forgetting in those happy moments
 His ancient cruel rigour
 And his three lustres of horror.
 When lo' the earth shook,
 And light became obscured,
 The phantom affrighted,
 With speed he flew to a loathsome place,
 While the air with fire blaz'd,
 And blasts of thunder with fury roll'd,
 Bursting on those walls
 And in blaze expanded.
 When from those wreck'd remains,
 Issued a voice, tender, yet languishing,
 Whose faltering accents
 Pierc'd my very soul....
 Eager I flew to that feeble voice,

- A quei flebili accenti ; agli occhi miei
 Offresi il padre allor, lorde di Sangue,
 Trapassato da colpi,
 D'uno spettro feroce
 Fuggendo l'ira atroce.
 Quel spettro era mia madre,
 Ch'armandomi di ferro, a un tratto sparve.
 Vo' fuggir ; mi si grida
 Ferma, rimira Oreste :
 Un infelice io vedo
 A lui la mano tendo,
 Dar soccorso gli voglio ;
 Ma una funesta forza
 A trappassargli il sen la man misforza.
- Cor. O sogno orrendo, notte terribile
 O dolor ! o spavento mortal !
 Il tuo sdegno fia dunque implacabile ?
 Dè nostri affanni o ciel, chieggiam pietà ?
- Ifi. O progenie dè Pelopi
 Progenie ognor fatale
 Fin negli ultimi suoi tardi nepoti,
 Di Tantalo il delitto
 Persegue ancora il cielo.
 Il Rè de Re, germe de Semidei
 Agamennone scende
 In fra l'ombre d'Averno.
 Suo figlio a me restava onde i miei guai
 Tutti finir sperai
 O caro oreste, o amato mio germano,
 Tu non darai più fine
 Al pianto di tua suora.
- Sac. Calmate il grave affanno
 Che si l'alma v'accora,
 Conserveranno i numi
 Quella sagraata testa,
 Tutto speriam.
- Ifi. No: vana speme è questa,
 Da ch'io respiro allor furore in preda,
 Son d'obbrobrio e d'angoscie
 Tessuti i giorni miei,
 E oreste ancora a me rapir gli Dei.

And there I beheld my father
 Ting'd with blood, pierc'd with wounds,
 Hastily running from the pursuit
 Of a furious spectre :
 This was my mother
 Who arm'd me with a steel and vanish'd,
 I attempted to run,
 But a loud voice cried....stay....
 Behold Orestes !
 I saw a hapless youth,
 To whom my hand I stretch'd,
 In hopes to afford him relief,
 While a secret and mighty power
 Plunged into his bosom the fatal steel.

Chorus Oh horrid Dream, awful night,
 Woe to us, what a dreadful Sight !
 If great and implacable is your grief,
 From heaven we implore mercy and relief.

Iph. Oh progeny of Pelops
 Oh over fatal progeny !
 The vengeance of Heaven
 Persecutes the crimes of Tantalus,
 Even on his late nephews.
 The king of kings, scourge of the Semideans
 Has Agamemnon decreed,
 Amidst the Shades of Avernus,
 Whose early son to me remained
 As a pledge of peace to all my sufferings,
 Ah dear Orestes, oh beloved Brother !
 Thy sister will never cease
 To weep for thee.

Vest. Aswage your sorrows,
 And give courage to your heart,
 The gods, I know, will protect
 And defend your sacred form....

Iph. Ah no !—delusive is this hope !
 Since first breath I drew ;
 A prey I have been to their fury,
 While days expanding, each suffering,
 Have now bereft me of my Orestes.

O gran Dea che serbasti i miei giorni
 Questo ben, ch'io detesto ritogli
 Diana il mio voto accogli,
 Arresta il corso lor.
 A l'infelice Oreste,
 Fa ch'io m'unisca ancor.

Ahimè tutto a morire m'invita
 Un dover mi diventa la morte,
 Poiché armarsi per perder mia vita
 Vidi il Padre, la Patria, e la sorte.

Cor. Quando mai finirà il nostro pianto;
 La sorgente fia dunque infinita?
 Ah ch' il ciel de mortali la vita
 Circoscriffe d'eterno dolor!

SCENA, II.

Ifigenia le Sac. e Toante, e Guarda.

Toa. Numi dovunque io yado
 M'insegue empio destino!
 Di strida disperate
 Queste volte iimbombano.
 Tu del voler de' numi
 Interprete, e ministra
 Placa, placa i lor sdegni,
 Dissipa il terror mio.

Ifi. A miei gemiti il cielo e' sordo' oddio!

Toa. Ahi che pianto non già, ma sangue ci chiede?

Ifi. Qual terribile offerta!

Puote l'umano sangue
 Calmar l'ira de numi?

Toa. Con....tremendi prodigi i suoi voleri

Degnó scoprirci il cielo:

Da oracoli celesti

Minacciata è mia vita,

Great goddess, my sure defender still,
 Kind Diana, protect me in each adverse ill;
 Cease the vigour of their fatal blow,
 Between the perils that around me flow.
 Return me Orestes, ye powers divine,
 Grant me this—and life to you I'll resign.

Alas, by sorrows oppress'd,
 Nought but death surround me;
 Peace no more reigns in my breast,
 It is heaven, stern decree.

Chorus. Could we but hope, one day would end our pain,
 We would a double load of woe sustain;—
 But all mortals, to heaven's will depend,
 And their life, with sorrows we contend.

SCENE, II.

To them, Toantes, and Guards.

Toa. Wherever my steps I bend,
 I'm by Destiny pursued!
 With despairing cries,
 These walls resound.
 Thou vestal and sacred interpreter,
 Of the gods appease their wrath,
 Dispel the terror that around me flows.

Iph. Heaven is deaf to my tears and prayers.

Toa. Tears and prayers are fruitless.
 And blood is the will of the gods.

Iph. Horrid will!—
 Can human blood
 The gods appease?

Toa. With awful prodigies and signs
 Heaven hath deign'd to reveal his will,
 My life's threaten'd by celestial oracles,
 Unless, from an unknown youth,

Se d'un solo straniero,
 Che approdo in queste spiagge
 Dal lor furore il sangue or mi sottragge.
 Da fier presentimenti
 Quest'alma intimidita,
 Da orribili spaventi.
 Si sente tormentar.
 Odio del sol la luce
 Infausta agli occhi miei
 E mi strazia il rimorso di rei.
 Sotto il piè spalancarsi
 Mi par veder la terra
 E terribili abissi diserra
 Fin l'inferno, che vuolmi ingojar.
 Una voce funèsta
 Gridami infondo al core,
 La notte al mio terrore,
 Raddoppia ancor l'orrore
 E lo strale d'un dio di vendetta
 Sul mio capo sospeso mi par.

SCENA, III.

Gli attori della Scena precedente, Popoli eh' entra in folla.

Coro. Già placati de numi i furori,
 Nove vittime a noi fan venir
 Delle colpe a quei rigidi ultori
 Il lor sangue dobbiam offerir.
 Isi. Misera ! Toan. Eterni Dei !
 L'offerta ricevete
 Quando meno io sperai
 Voi propizi ne siete.
 uno Scita. Due Giovani di Grecia,
 A questi lidi giunti;
 Tentaro contra noi lunga difesa ;

Who on these shores has landed,
 That blood be shed,
 To expiate his wrath.
 Amidst the storms on every side,
 Of life's uncertain is my guide;
 Alas ! this lost—this troubled mind,
 No calm, no refuge e'er can find,
 Tho' bright sol, the sea and earth adorns,
 Yet to my sight with rancour burns.
 Tortures like these, around me spread,
 Pouring dire vengeance, o'er my head.
 The earth I feel do its foundation move,
 From the submit in its bowels I remove;
 Hell too will to me no pity show,
 And all its torments around me flow.
 Then, an awful voice I hear,
 That poignantly assail my ear ; -
 In silent night, when hoping for relief,
 I sink under the pressure of grief;
 While a god of vengeance o'er my head I see,
 Brandishing his arm without mercy on me.

SCENE, III.

To them, the Populace entering in great Numbers.

- Chorus. No more disasters our heads impend,
 The gods appeas'd, fresh victims send ;
 The crimes to expiate is our due,
 To offer their blood, ye powers to you.
- If. Alas ! alas ! Toan—eternal powers,
 The gods propitious,
 Will the offering receive,
 When least were my hopes.
- a Ves. Some youths from Greece,
 To these shores landed,
 Attempting against us a long defence;

Ma dopo molti sforzi,
 Resi alfine fi son , era uno d'essi,
 Disperato, feroce :
 Di delitto la voce, e di rimorso
 In bocca sempre avea,
 E chiamando la morte,
 Detestava la vita.

Ifi. Dei ! sopprimete il grido
 In me della natura
 Se santa è questa legge, ah! troppo è dura !
 Toa. Andate, e i due cattivi
 Seguiranvi a l'altare ;
 Io minacciato da sinistri auguri
 Del furor degli Dei,
 Al mistero divin nuocer potrei.

[Ifig. e le Sacerd-
 esse escons.]

SCENA IV.

Toante, &c.

E voi frattanto ai Tutelari numi,
 Bellici canti alzate ; un giusto zelo
 Faccia i trasporti tuoi giungere al Cielo. [qui il
 popolo esprime la sua allegrezza con un brevissimo
 intrattenimento.]

Sangue chiedeva il cielo,
 Le colpe ad espiar
 Gli schiavi in ferri abbiamo,
 E pronto è già l'altar.
 A noi mandò le vittime,
 Il suo divin favor,
 I benefici suoi,
 Agguagli il nostro cor.
 Sotto la sacra scure,
 Si versa il loro sangue,
 E alle lor facce impure,
 Più non s'infetti il suol.

But vain were their efforts,
 And our strength subdued them,
 While one more furious,
 And desperate than his companions,
 With guilty accents,
 Loudly call'd for death,
 Disdaining to live,

Iph. Ye gods ! why do you suppress in me
 The cries of nature !
 If holy be this law—'tis harsh indeed.

Toa. Go—and two of the culprits
 Shall follow you to this altar ;
 Threatened as I am by finisters Oracles
 My presence might offend the gods
 At the awful sacrifice. [*Iph. and Vestals Excunt.*

SCENA IV.

Manet, Toantes, and Populace.

Meanwhile to the tutelar gods,
 All with one voice raise the lay,
 And may our prayers by Heaven be approved.
 [*No ere the populace express its joy with short signs of mirth.*

Blood has heaven demanded,

Our crimes to expiate,

In fetters the slaves are bound,

The sacrifice to terminate.

By his will divine,

These victims to us were sent,

And we to his mighty nod,

Our hearts have bent.

Under the sacred coup,

Their blood we'll shed;

And never more to see,

The radiant sun o'er their head.

Per noi compenso,
Fien quelle vittime,
Quest' è un incenso,
Degno del ciel.

SCENA V.

*I Juddetti, Oreste, e Pilade incatenati: Oreste cogli occhi
volti a terra, ed Oppresso dal dolore.*

Toa. Sconfigliati! qual mira
A voi stessi fatale

Vi portò nel mio Regno?

Pil. Misterioso è il progetto!

E un arcano de Numi,
Che invan saper presumo.

Toa. Di tua fastosa audacia,

Sarà prezzo la morte:

Conduceteli o guardie:

Oref. O amico mio

Di tuo fiero destino il reo son io!

SCENA VI.

*Il teatro rappresenta un Tempio sotterraneo, illuminato d alcune
lampadi, con un altare rustico.*

Oreste, e Pilade incatenati.

Pil Qual orrido silenzio!

Qual dolore funesto!

May our reward,
These victims be ;
An offering destined,
By heavens decree.

SCENE V.

*To them Orestes, and Pilades in fetters, Orestes with cast
looks, and oppress'd with grief.*

- Toa. Misguided youth',
What fatal purpose,
Brought you to this kingdom ?
Pil. Mysterious is the purpose,
And of the gods decree,
Which in vain you presume to know.
Toa. This pompous audacity
Is prize of death,
Guards, lead Thom. away....
Ores. Alas my dearest companion
I alone am, of your destiny the cause.
-

SCENE VI.

*The Stage represents a subterraneous Temple, illuminated by
several lamps with a Rustic altar.*

Orestes and Pilades in Chains.

- Pil. What a horrid silence !
Oh, what direful woe !

Che ! coi fingulti solo,
 All' amico rispondi ?
 Ma che puote la morte
 Su l'alme degli Eroi ?
 Pilade io più non sono,
 Tu più Oreste non sei ?

Oref. Numi ! A che orror ferbaste i giorni miei !
 Del mio cieco destino,
 Vittima deplorabile,
 Errante, e riprovato in ogni loco,
 Compiuta è la mia sorte : io pel delitto,
 Era nato soltanto.

Pil. Cosa mai dici ? qual rimorso è questo,
 Qual nuova colpa infine ?

Oref. Tu la morte ti do ; forse era poco,
 Che mia man parricida,
 Immerso avesse il ferro,
 D'una madre nel cor : m'ha riserbato,
 Ad un nuovo misfatto invida sorte,
 Ho un solo amico ; ed io gli do la morte.
 Dei che mi perseguite,
 Dei di mie colpe Autori,
 Dell' inferno gli orrori.
 Sotto il mio piede Aprite ;
 Per me i tormenti suoi
 Fien troppo dolci Ancor.
 L'amicizia ho tradita
 Tradita ho la natura,
 De' più neri attentati
 Colmata ho la misura
 Il reo colpite o numi,
 Punite un empio cor.

Pil. Qual linguaggio tremendo
 Per un core che t'ama !
 Torna torna in te stesso ;
 Moriam degni di noi ; cessa tra l'ire,
 D'oltraggiare gli Dei
 Pilade, e te medesimo ;
 Ancor che inevitabile
 La nostra morte sia
 Qual mai vano spavento

What? With sighs and sobs alone,

Do you answer to your friend?

But, what power has death,

O'er the constancy of Heroes!

Am I no longer Pilades?

Or art thou no longer Arestes?

Oref. Ye powers to what fate were my days preserv'd!

Deplorable victim,

Of my cruel destiny!

Wandering and reproved thro' ev'ry place,

My doom is now determin'd,

And for guilt alone I was born....

Pil. What accents are there?

What remorse, what guilt have we done.

Oref. Of thy death, I am the only cause,

It was not enough for my parricide hand;

To have immerst the steel,

Into a mothers' bosom—

But I am perceived to fresh guilt;

Cruel fate; an only friend I have,

And to him death I bring.

Ye Gods! source of all my anguish,

With whose painful smart I languish,

Of Hell's horror you've alighted a flame

That quire consumes my melting frame.

Still to Fate I subdue my mind,

No comfort on Earth I ne'er can find.

True friendship basely I've betray'd,

And with dark deeds over Nature I sway'd.

Weigh'd down with crimes of ev'ry degree,

Submissive I wait your stern decree.

Be your blow torturing or great,

I'll never blame my deserving fate.

Pil. Oh! horrid speech,

To a heart worthy of thee!

Turn, turn to thyself again

And let us die worthy of us.

But cease to offend the Gods

Amidst our woes. Pilades

Is still the same to thee

And tho' inevitable be our deaths,

What vain fears can assail thee?

Ti da per me tormento?
 Io non sono infelice
 Se alfin presso di te morir mi lice
 Ambi uniti degli anni ful fiore
 Era un solo ogni nostro desir;
 Ah ben lieto s'applaude il mio core
 Per quel colpo, che noi deve unir.
 Vuol che insieme moriamo la sorte
 Non lagnarti di sua crudelta;
 Un conforto per noi sia la morte
 Se la tomba nostr' alme unira

SCENA VII.

Oreste, Pilade, un Ministro, del Santuario Guardie.

- Il Min. Sventurati stranieri
 Separarvi conviene
 Voi mi seguite
- Pil. (Oh Dei!) Ores Barbaro! qual comando!
 No non abbandonarmi,
 Raro, e fedel Amico:
 Empi dobbiam pregar! S'affietti pure
 La preparata morte
 Ma lasciate ch' almeno
 Insieme la riceviam; ogn' altra pena
 Fia per noi menò Amara
 Del momento fatali, che ci separa.
- Il Min. Alle leggi, ed ai numi ora obbedisco:
 Che fia condotto Ores Ferma...
- Pil. Oddio! Ores Barbari mostri!

Le guardie menano via Pilade.

Is it not for my sake ?
 Dispel, then, such fears, and know,
 That Pilades is to sorrow a stranger,
 When by thy side his breath resigns.
 In the early flower of our youth united,
 Our wishes were in one combined;
 And my heart is yet delighted,
 When in Death an equal fate we find.
 Of Heaven's decree no longer complain,
 If in death still together we remain,
 While in one tomb our souls entwined,
 Our ashes will mingle, in friendship inclined.

SCENE VII.

To them, a Minister of the Sanctuary and Guards.

Min. Unfortunate strangers !
 To see you divided from each other.
 That office I am bound to execute.
 You follow me.

Pil. Oh Gods !—Ores. Barbarian !
 By whose command ?
 Alas ! my faithful companion,
 Do not forsake me.

We are equally shared in guilt,
 And so we must pray.
 Hasten, then, the instruments of Death ;
 But permit us, at least, to meet it together.
 Any other suffering can never surpass

The pangs of our parting.
 Min. I obey the law, and will of the Gods,
 Away with him.—Ores. Stay.

Pil. Oh Heavens !—Ores. Barbarous monsters.
The guards take Pilades away.

SCENA VIII.

Oreste—Solo.

Te l'han rapito !... O Cielo !
 Per te Pilade è morto !
 Dei protettor di questi orrendi liti
 Dei bramosi di sangue,
 Tuonate, fulminatemi.
 Dove son io !... Dell' agitato seno
 Chi ritempra il tormento ?
 Già in cor la calma io sento ?
 Han dunque i mali miei
 Stanco il furor de' dei ?
 Già al termine arrivai delle sventure.
 Il Parricida Oreste
 Voi respirar lasciate
 Giusto Ciel, santi numi !
Oreste cade oppresso dal dolore ed alla stanchezz.

SCENA IX.

Le Furie.

Le Eumenidi sortono dal fondo del Teatro, e circondan.
Oreste—Alcune eseguiscono intorno di lui un ballo che
esprime il terrore, alcuni altre gli parlano.—Oreste—Essenza
conoscimento durante tutta questa scena.

Le Far. Natura vendichiamo
 E gli irritati Dei,
 Nuove pene inventiamo
 Ucciso egli ha la Madre.

Ores. Ah !—Le Fur.—Per lui non v' è grazia
 Ucciso egli ha la madre.

SCENE VIII.

Orestes—Solus.

And have they torn him from me?
 Hath Pilades resigned his life for me?
 Eternal Power! that o'er this land you sway,
 Ye Gods! thirsting with human blood—
 Pour down your vengeance o'er my head!
 Where am I? Where shall I seek
 To assuage the anguish of my heart?
 Methinks, now some comfort to enjoy.
 What? Are the Gods now tired,
 Thus to persecute on me their wrath?
 Or is it because they can't be surpass'd
 By any more invention of torture?
 Merciful Heaven! Eternal Gods!
 Pour the balm of lasting peace
 On the wretched Orestes.

Orestes falls, oppressed by grief and woe.

SCENE IX.

Furies.

The Eumenides appearing from the end of the Stage, and surround Orestes—Some are dancing around him with expressions of horror. and others speak to him—Orestes seems deprived of sensation during all this scene.

Fur. Nature, and the offended Gods,
 'Tis our duty to revenge.
 With fresh pangs the victim we'll torture—
 His Mother has slain.

Ores. Ah!—Furies—No mercy is left
 To a parricide, whose mother has slain.

Ores Ah !....Quai martir.
Le Fur. Ucciso egli ha la madre
Son troppo dolci ancora.
Ores Un Spettro !...Abbi pietade
Le Fur. Chiede pietade ! Ah mostro !
Ucciso egli ha la madre
Agguagli il furor nostro
Il suo mortal furore :
Tal delitto espiar non si può.

SCENA X.

Ifigenia le Sacerdotesse.

*Le porte s'aprono, le Sacerdotesse compariscono Le Furie se
sprofondano. Oreste uscendo dal suo letargo e con un
movimento di furore.*

*L'ombra di Clytemnestra si fa vedere in mezzo le
Furie, e sparisce tosto.*

Ores. Crudi Dei !
Mia madre o Ciel ?
Ifi. Tutte l'orrore io veggio
Che la presenza mia nel—sen v'ispira
Ma in fondo del mio core
Sventurato Straniero
Se voi legger poteste
La pietà che ho di voi
Voi di me stessa avreste
Ores Qual aspetto ! Qual strana somiglianza
Ifi. Che sia sciolto da lacci
In qual lido nasceste ?
E in queste orrende sponde
Che veniste a cercar ?
Ores Quel van desio
Vuol che mi conosciate

Ores. Ah ! What Anguish.

Fur. Monster ! What mercy do you seek ?
Treacherausly has a mother slain,
And our revenge shall equal
His mortal guilt.
Such crimes can never be expiated.

SCENE X.

Ifgenenia and the Vestals.

*The Gates are opened—On the Vestals appearing, the Furies
sink under ground—Orestes recovering from his lethargy
seemingly in a rage.*

*Clytemnestra's Ghost appears among the
Furies and quickly vanishes.*

Ores. Barbarous Gods !

Heavens ! my Mother !

Iph. Yes ; too plain I see the horror
Which my presence hath raised in you.
Yet, hapless stranger,
If, within the most secret place of my heart,
You could there read what pity
Is pleading in your favour,
You would then feel an equal pang for me.

Ores. What aspect ! What strange resemblance !

Iph. Set the victim free.

What place did give thee birth ?

And on these shores

Why did you wretchedly land ?

Ores. What vain desire

Spurns you to know me ?

E

- Ifi. Parlate—Ores—Che rispondo !
 Oh Dei !—Ifi.—Ma donde viene
 Che il vostro cor fospira ?
 Chi siete ?—Ores—Un infelice,
 Questo saper vi basti.
- Ifi. Di grazia rispondete :
 Di qual luogo venite ?
 Chi la vita vi die ?
- Ores Voi lo volete.
 Micene e patria mia
- Ifi. Dei ! che sento ? seguite
 Terminate, informatemi
 Del destin d' Agamennone
 Di quello della Grecia !
- Ores Agamennone !
- Ifi Ahimè voi lagrimate ?
- Ores De un ferro parricida egli fu ucciso.
- Ifi E' erni Dei !—Ores—Che donna dunque è questa.
- Ifi E quai mani esecrande
 Ofaro insanguinarsi in re sì grande
- Ores Per pietà nol chiedete
- Ifi Parlate per pietade
- Ores Quel detestabil mostro fu...
- Ifi Seguite
 Voi mi fate gelar
- Ores Fu sua consorte.
- Ifi Sommi Dei ! Clitennestra !
- Ores Appunto dessa.—Ifi—Cielo ;
- Coro. E de numi ultori
 La giustizia tremenda
 Vide, colpa sì orrenda ?
- Ores E la seppe punir ; suo figlio....
- Ifi Oh Dei !—Ores—Ha vendicato il padre
- Coro. Di delitto in delitto
 Qual catastrophe enorme !
- Ores Dè falli miei qual rimembranza enorme !
- Ifi Ma qual figlio, che all' ire
 Ha servite del cielo,
 Istromento fatal di lor vendetta....
- Ores Cerco gran tempo, ealfin trovo la morte

- Iph. Speak....Ores—What shall I say?
 Oh Gods !....Ores—Whence arises
 The tumults of your heart?
 Who are you?—Ores—A wretched being.
 This is enough for you to know.
- Iph. Answer me, I entreat you.
 Whence come you?
 Who gave you birth?
- Ores. Know, then,
 That Mycene is my native soil
- Iph. Ye Powers! what do I hear!
 Proceed—finish. Inform me
 Of Agamemnon's destiny,
 And of the fate of Greece.
- Ores Agamemnon?
- Iph. Woe to me! Why weep.
- Ores By a parricide steel he was slain.
- Iph. Eternal Gods?—Ores—What woman is this?
- Iph. What execrable hands
 Dared tinge with blood of so great a King
- Ores Ask it not, for pity's sake.
- Iph. For mercy sake speak.
- Ores That detestable monster was.....
- Iph. Proceed.
 You seize me with death.
- Ores It was his wife.
- Iph. God's Omnipotent! Clytemnestra?
- Ores The very same.—Iph.—Heaven!
- Chorus Did e'er the Tremendous Justice
 Of the Ultroneous Gods
 Behold such guilt as this?
- Ores But her son did punish her.
- Iph. He powers!—Ores—He reveng'd his father.
- Chorus From crime to crime!
 Unnatural catastrophe!
- Ores Woeful remembrance of my guilt!
 What was the fate of that youth
 That Heaven used
 Instrument of its vengeance.
- res Long time in fearce of death he went

Entro Micene poi
Solo Elettra resto !
Ifi Non u'ha più speme ;
Tutto estinto edi già tutto il mio seme.
Andate per son abbastanza istrutta !
Tristi presentimenti [a Ores che parte
Vi già non m' ingannaste !
Dae sacerdotezze l'accompagnano.

SCENA XI.

Ifigenia e le Sacerdotesse.

Ifi O Ciel ! de miei tormenti
Testimonio, e eagion, gioisci pure
Della miseria, a cui ridotta m' hai,
Non puote il tuo furor crescere ormai,
Sace Oh Patria Sventurata
A cui, con dolci nodi
Nostr' alma è incatenata
Tu dispariste già
Ifi. O Ifigenia sventurata
La tua Patria e annichilita
Voi già rè piu non avete.
Io non ho piu genitor,
Co lamenti accompagaate
Il mio barbaro dolor
Coro. Era nostra speranza
Ahime soltanto Oreste !
Or nulla piu ci Avanza
Perduto, O Dio ! l'abbiam

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

And met with his fate ;
 And Electra alone in Mynene remain'd.
 If Now my hopes are gone,
 And all my piogeny extinct.
 Go—I have heard enough.
 Woeful presages, [To Orestes who is going.
 You mistook me not. Two Vestals follow him

SCENE XI.

Manet, Ifigenia, and the Vestals.

If Heaven, that thou art
 The cause and witness of my woes,
 Rejoice in the pangs I endure ;
 Thy rage can never these exceed.
 Ven. Oh ! wretched country,
 That with gentle knots
 Our souls entwined,
 Alas ! we shall never more behold thee.
 If O hapless Iphigenia,
 Thy country is annihilated ;
 No longer a King to sway,
 No more a father to see,
 Incessant weeping will ever be,
 Only companion of thy woes.
 Chorus Oh ! in Orestes glory, heroic and true
 We hoped our woes to subdue.
 He's gone, alas ! and no hope remain,
 But in endless woe our lives we sustain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ATTO SECONDO.

Il teatro rappresenta l'appartamento d'Ifigenia nel Tempio.

SCENA I.

Ifi. **I**O cedo al genio vostro :
Del fato che ci opprime
Avvertita sia pur la fuora elettra
Una vittima io tolgo,
Della morte all'orrore,
E servo allo natura, ed al mio core.
Oddio ! Non so schermirmi,
Per un degl' infelici,
Da nostre leggi barbare,
Condannato alla morte, io sento in petto.
Della pietà l'affetto,
Una secreta forza,
M'interessa per lui,
Oreste or faria giunto agli anni suoi,
Questo misero schiavo,
Il volto mi ricorda,
Che in nobile ferezza al suo s'accorda.
Un' immago, oddio ! troppo gradita,
E' l'oggetto del mesto mio cor,
E una speme, che già m'è rappita,
L'alma mia di nudrir gode ancor.
Tropo vani, ma dolci trasporti,
Lungi lungi chimera si grata !
Ah che solo nel regno di morte,
Riveder io potro' l'ombra amata.



ACT II.

The Theatre represent the Apartment of Iphigenia in the Temple.

SCENE I.

Iph. **I** Yield to your will;
Known to my sister Electra,
Must be our impending fate,
A victim I snatch
From the horror of death,
A rite due to nature and my heart,
But alas! I cannot avoid
The sacrifice of one,
Who by our barbarous laws,
Is doomed to death.
I feel in my bosom soft pity flow,
And a secret impulse
Pleads within my breast in his favor,
Orestes would now have been arrived
To the same age as this miserable slave
His countenance brings to my mind
That similarity of valor.
Sweet image dear to my heart,
Every comfort to this breast impart;
For even hopes delusive balm,
Still my woes retain in calm;
But in vain I seek for relief,
I sink overwhelmed with hopeless grief!
In death's abode his image I'll trace,
Where peace calmly reigns o'er human race.

SCENA II.

Ifigenia.

Ifi. Ecco i miseri schiavi,
Andate un sol momento,
Lasciatemi con essi. [*Le sac. partono.*]

SCENA III.

Ifigenia, Oreste, e Pilade.

Oref. O gioja inaspettata ! [*si getta tra le braccia di Pilade*]
Dunque ancor una vola,
Abbracciar ti poss'io ?

Pil. Men aspro è il destin mio ;
Perchè già ti riveggo.

Ifi. O come io sento il petto [*a parte*]
Commosso al loro aspetto !
Voi miraste i miei pianti, [*a Oreste*]
Io non potei schermirmi,
Ah chi non prangerebbe,
All'istoria fatal da voi naratta !
Se questi atroci liti,
Fe il ciel nostro soggiorno,
In climi assai più miti,
Abbiam veduto il giorno,
La Grecia è patria nostra ;

Pil. Che ! di man d'una greca avrem la morte.

Ifi. Ah per salvar la vostra,
La vita mia darci !
Ma Toante vuol sangue ;
Barbara è sua pietade,
Inventeria per voi novelle pene,
Se d'entrambi spezzassi io le catene.

SCENE II.

Iphigenia.

Iph. Here are my slaves,
Hence after a moment away,
Leave me with them [to the priest who exeunt

SCENE III.

Iphigenia. Orestes, and Pylades.

Oref. Oh joy unexpected! [throws himself in Pylades
Do I once more behold thee? arms

Pil. Do I again embrace thee?
Lefs cruel is my destiny
If I see thee again.

Iph. Alas! how my heart pants! [aside
How their transports move me!
You witnest my tears— [to Oref
I could not refrain from them.
Who would not weep
At the fatal story by you related!
If this inauspicious shore,
Heav'n decreed for our abode,
Yet in climates more mild,
Our days we have seen;
Greece is our country.

Pil. What! are we then to fall by the hands of a Grecian!

Iph. Alas; with pleasure this life,
I would yield to save your's:
But Thoantes demands blood....
Nought but barbarity reigns in him;
And was I to set you free,
New tortures he would invent,

Potro l'empio tiranno,
Deluder con inganno,
E conservar la vita,
D'un solo almen potrò

Pil. }
Oref. } Tu vivrai dunque amico :

Già salvo io ti vedrò.

Ifi. Posso da quel di voi,
Che i giorni a me dovrà,
Grazie per me sperar ?

Pil. }
Oref. } Dite pur giuro al cielo

Che grato a voi farà.

Ifi. In argo al par di voi,
Vidi la prima aurora
Ho degli amici ancora,
Un foglio a chi v'impongo
Giurate di recar,

Pil. }
Oref. } Io lo protesto ai numi

Tal brama d'appagar.

Ifi. Tra voi dunque una vittima
A me convien di sciogliere,
Oddio ! perchè non licemi,
Nel bel desio, che m'anima,
Entrambi ancor salvar !

Uno convien che mora,

Mi sento lascerar. *[dubbiosa, e con errore]*

Se dunque a me non resta, •

Che scelta si funesta,

Dovrete voi partir :

Oref. Che io parta ! ei mora ! oh Cielo !

Deh ! conserva nel tuo seno,

L'opra almen del mio favor,

E ti fia presente ognor

L'amor mio, la mia pietà.

Io non so' qual forza ignota,

M'interessa alla tua sorte,

Ah ! salvandoti da morte,

Sempre lieto il cor farà.

[a Oreste]

I may delude this impious tyrant
With some deceit ;
And preserve the life, at least
Of one of you—

Pil. } You'll live my friend.
Oref. } And free I shall see you.

Iph. Can I hope a favor to receive,
From him who by my choice,
His life will be spared?

Pil. } Say....speak—to heaven I swear,
Oref. } That grateful to you I'll prove.

Iph. In Argus like you,
There I saw my first light ;
Some friends of mine are still there,
To whom a paper I wish to send,
Swear, to deliver it.

Pil. } I swear before the sacred gods
Oref. } Your wish to fulfil.

Iph. 'Tis now my duty, a victim
Between you to select,
O god why can I not
Fulfil my ardent wish,
To save you both.

Alas? one must die, *[doubtful with horror]*

If then this awful choice
To me remains,

You must then depart. *[to Orestes.]*

Oref. Must I go? Is he to die? Oh heaven!
From that soft pity which in my heart you find,
Bid balmy comfort cheer your mind,
There my image deep impress,
Shall charm all your pangs to rest,
Within my bosom mercy in your favor claim,
While a power unknown pleads in your name ;
Oh....could I save your pungent smart,
No other comfort would then sway in my heart.

SCENA IV.

Oreste, e Pilade.

- Pil. O felice momento !
Dunque poss'io morendo,
A te salvar la vita ?
- Oref. E soffriro' ch'ella ti sia rapita ?
M'ami tu ? parla !
- Pil. O dei ; osi tu domandarlo ?
- Oref. M'ami tu ?
- Pil. Qual richiesta,
Qual furore t'investe !
- Oref. Della sacerdotessa,
Alla scelta rinunzia.
- Pil. Ah questa scelta,
Tropo cara è al mio cor, perche io la ceda.
- Oref. E tu per me vanti,
Affetto serbar,
E ad onta de numi,
Ti cerchi immolar ?
- Pil. Il cielo alla difesa,
Veglia de giorni tuoi
Io compio o i voler suoi.
- Oref. Pretendi dunque unirti,
Ai congiurati dei,
Per aggiunger tormento ai mali miei ?
- Pil. Cosa mi chiedi mai ?
- Oref. Di permetter ch'io mora :
- Pil. No nol sperar giammai.
- Oref. Oreste oh Dio implora.
- Pil. No nol sperar crudel.
- 2 Cielo pietoso cielo,
Piega quel duro cor,
Rendi ame 'f caro amico,
Dona a me 'l suo favor.
Tutto basti il sangue mio,
A placar il tuo furor.
- Oref. Che ? non fia da me vinta,
Tua funesta costanza ?

SCENE, IV.

Orestes and Pylades.

Pyl. O happy moment,
That with the forfeit of my life

Oref. Shal I suffer it?—no—
Do you love me?—speak.

Pyl. Ye gods! do you doubt it?

Oref. Do you esteem me?

Pyl. What a question?
What fury assails you

Oref. The priestess' choice,
Instantly renounce.

Pyl. Her choice is dear
For me renounce.

Oref. And do you boast,
Friendship for me?
And in spite of the gods,
You seek your death?

Pyl. Heaven narrowly watches
In defence of your future days;
But I yield to his will—

Oref. Do you then pretend
To unite with the gods,
To add torments to my woes?

Pyl. What do you wish for?

Oref. To die in your stead.

Pyl. Never hope it.

Oref. Orestes implores it.

Pyl. In vain 'tis your wish—
Heav'n! merciful heav'n!

2 Soften that obdurate heart,
Preserve the friendship to me giv'n,
And between us thy blessing impart,
While my soul tortured with aching fire,
May appease thy wrath and mighty desire.

Oref. What? have I not
Yet subdued your fatal constancy?

Che? l'alma tua resiste,
 Ancora ai voti miei?
 Non sai tu, che ad Oreste,
 Un terribil supplizio or è la vita!
 Che questa atroc destra,
 Fuma del sangue ancor, ch'io già versai?
 Non sai tu, che l'inferno irato meae,
 Quante eumenidi ha teco,
 Raccoglie a me d'intorno,
 Che assediando mi vanno mogni loco?
 Eccole! che di serpi,
 Stanno armate le mani,
 Dove fuggo!—Ah—che—Pilade,
 Mi fugge mi detesta!
 M'abbandona ai lor colpi—ah—numi—arresta.
[cade nelle braccia de Pilade.]

Pil. E che! tu non conosci,
 Pilade che ti priega?

Ores. Pilade, e vuoi per me morire ancora?

Pil. Calmar non puoi o numi il vostro sdegno, *[con-*

Ores. Puote ai tormenti miei. *forza*

Dar fin la morte sola,

Io l'ottenea, Pilade a me l'invol'a.

Pil. O amico mio la tua pietade imploro,
 Oreste, oddio! non mi conosce ancor?

Ah ti commuova il pianto d'amistade,

Ai vo i miei non tener chiuso il cor.

Questo amico che già fu tua cura,

Pilade è a piedi tuoi

Ei piangendo ti prega e scongiura

Di lasciarti involare al furor

Soscrivi, soscrivi

De numi al voler.

Saprò mal grado tuo torti a la morte.

[Oreste rialza Pilade con un movimento ai furor.]

What? does your soul
 Still resist my wishes?
 Don't you know that life
 Is to Orestes a torment?
 That this murderous hand,
 Is yet ting'd with the blood I shed?
 Don't you know that hell itself,
 Has set all its infernal furies
 To torment me, and buz around me
 Wherever I wander?
 Here they are—see—!
 They are even arm'd,
 With weapons!—where shall I fly?
 Ah—what—Pylades,
 He runs from me.... Ah cruel!
 He leaves me to this fury?

Ye Gods—no more—stay— [*falls in the arms of*

Pyl. Don't you know me? *Pylades*

Don't you recollect your faithful Pylades,

Ores. Will Pylades still die for me?

Pyl. Ye gods I can't appease your wrath! [*with emotion*

Ores. My torments can never cease

But with death, yet Pylades

Wishes to prevent it.

Pyl. Alas, my friend, your piny I implore,
 Orestes,—O God! does not yet know me.

O let the tears of friendship move you;

Shut not your heart against my wish.

Your friend, once worthy of all your care,

Now behold at your feet,

Entreating and beseeching

In the most fervent manner,

Your fury to refrain;

Yield I conjure you

To the will of the gods.

[*Orestes rises Pylades with some motion of anger*

SCENA V.

Oreste, Pilade, Ifigenia, Sacerdotesse.

Ifi. Oh quanto io vi conpiango ! or lo guidate. [*alza fac.*

Ore s. No, fermate, fermate !
Questa pietà v'inganna,

Ifi. Che dite voi ?

Ores. Tocca a me sol la morte,
Ei vi potrà servire;
Di un officio sì raro
Degno obbietto egli sia.

Pil. Non ascoltate
Suoi furenti trasporti,

Ifi. Vivete, e me servite.

Ores. Saria per me diletto.

Pil. Barbaro ! qual furor t'invade il seno !

Ifi. Ah che la scelta mia scelta è del cielo !

Ores. Non v'è più tempo : in questo punto io svelo.

Pil. Fermati—

Ores. E ben, sapiate....

Pil. Fermati : guisti Dei.

Ifi. Qual improvviso orror l'alma v'ingombra ?

Ores. Ordinate ch'io mora.

Ifi. Vano il sperarle fora !

Un incognita forza
Possente irresistibile
Sopra l'altare stesso
M'arresterebbe il braccio.

Ores. Che ! sempre a voti miei
Voi fiete inesorabile ?
Ma giuro al ciel che lo farete invano.
Se non potrò salvar l'amico, io voglio
Versar di propria mano
Questo abborrito sangue
Di cui si avàio è il cielo.
Ifi, O numi ! e ben crudele !
Vostbra brama appagate.

SCENE V.

Orestes, Pylades, Iphigenia, and Priestesses.

- Iph. Oh, how my heart bleeds for him !
Lead him away. *[To the Priestesses.]*
- Ores No ;—Stay—Stop.
This pity deceives you.
- Iph. What do you say ?
- Ores 'Tis me that ought to die.
He may render you some assistance,
And worthy he is
Of such an office.
- Pyl. Listen not to his furious transport.
- Iph. You are to live and to obey me.
- Ores It would be a crime.
- Pyl. Barbarian ! what fury assails your breast ?
- Iph. Alas ! my choice is by Heaven made.
- Ores No time is to be lost. This instant
I'll reveal....
- Pyl. Stay....
- Ores Know, then—
- Pyl. Eternal Gods !—Stop—
- Iph. What unexpected horror has seized your soul.
- Ores Give me the command of death.
- Iph. In vain you request such order.
An unknown, mighty,
And irresistible power
Would stop my arm.
Even at the altar itself.
- Ores What ? are you always
Inexorable to my prayers ?
But by Heaven, I swear it will be in vain.
If I cannot save my friend.
By this very hand
I'll shed this detested blood of mine,
Of which Heaven seems so avaricious.
- Iph. Ye Powers ! 'tis too cruel.
Yes ; to your wish I'll comply. *[Running to Pyla.]*

Ores. Si vivi amico, corri,
Servi l'augusta donna
Calma il duol d'una suora
Tanto cara al cor mio,
Questi estremi sospir portale, addio,

[Correndo a Pil.]

SCENA VI.

Ifigenia, Pilade.

Ifi. Già che de vostri di cura il ciel prende,
Prestatemi il soccorso
Che voi mi prometteste: questo foglio,
Recate a lidi argivi,
E fate che d'Elettra in mano arrivi.

Pil. Che sento! qual destino
Insieme vi congiunge?

Ifi. Vostri arcano io non chiedete:
Di più voi non chiedo:

Pil. Obbedita farete:
Tutto farò se lo permette il cielo.

[Ifi. parte.]

SCENA VII.

Pilade solo.

O gran nume dell'anime grandi
Amistade ad armarmi discendi
Il mio cor di tue fiamme racceidi,
Salvare Oreste io voglio,
O vo con lui morir.

Ores Away my friend.
 Hasten to serve that most generous women ;
 Calm the grief of a sister
 So dear to my heart,
 And convey her this, my last adieu.

SCENE VI.

Iphigenia and Pylades.

Iph. As heaven guards your future days,
 Lend me that aid
 Which you solemnly promised.
 This paper convey to the Argivian shores,
 And see that it falls into Electa's hands.
Pyl. What do I hear ?... What destiny
 Has together combined you ?
Iph. Your misery I did not require to know,
 Then ask no more——
Pyl. You shall be obey'd.
 And will your wish execute,
 If the gods permit it——

[Iph.]

SCENE VII.

Pylades—Solus.

Of Magnanimous souls ! Heavenly pow
Thy power to arm, on me descend.
Orestes, my faithful friend, to save,
Or with him let me perish and die.

SCENA VIII.

Il teatro rappresenta l'interno del tempio di Diana.—In mezzo vi sarà la statua detta dea alzata sopra un palchetto d'avanti l'altare.

Ifigenia sola, ai piedi dell'altare.

No questo orrendo ufficio
Compiere non poss' io, mi parla un nume,
In favor di quel Greco,
Al sacrificio infausto,
Che m'empie il sen d'orrore
Consentire non può questo mio core.
Ah! sperar poss'io che il cielo
Cangi meco il suo rigor?
Quando mai barbari Dei
Aurà fine il mio dolor!
No'ad uffizio si spietato
Questa man prestar non fo!
Ma guidata oh dio dal fato
Ubidire alfin dovrò.

SCENA IX.

Ifigenia, le sacerdotesse e Oreste nel mezzo di quelle.

Sacer. O gran diva propizia ti mostra,
Preparata è la vittima nostra
E tra poco immolar si dovrà.
Possa il sangue, che abbiamo a versar
Terger possa il nostro pianto,
Ei tuoi sdegni alfin placar.

SCENE VIII.

The Scenc represents the inside of the Temple of Diana—In the middle thereof there will be a Statue of the Goddess rais'd on a pedestal before the Altar.

Iphigenia Sola, at the Foot of the Altar.

No ; this horrid rite
I dare not to execute.
A God pleads in behalf of that Greek.
My heart will ne'er consent
To that awful sacrifice
Which chills my bosom with horror.

2. When will the wrath of Heav'n appease,
And the mighty Gods my tortures cease?
Little they know how much I feel
The pangs that no language can reveal:
No ; my arm ne'er can the sad duty pay,
The awful rite to be performed to day.
Yet to the Gods a cruel, mighty decree,
Obey I must, and with their will agree.

SCENE IX.

Iphigenia, the Priestesses, and Orestes between them.

Priest. Great and mighty propitious Goddess,
Behold the victim ready!
And ere long we'll immolate.
May the blood that we have to shed
Cease our constant tears,
And thy wrath at last appease.

Ifi. La forza m'abbandona,
O momento d'angoscia !

Ores. Ecco un termin felice
A miei lunghi tormenti ;
Deh sia, numi possenti,
Anco a vostre vendette.

Ifi. O Ciel,

Ores. Tergete il pianto,
Che dagii occhi vi cade,
Non vi affligga mia sorte :
Io bramo sol la morte.
Ferite. *Ifi.* ah nascondete,¹
Questa orribil virtù ; gli stessi numi
Proteggean vostri giorni ; a morte andate,
Ed è vostra la colpa.

Ores. Questi medesmi numi,
Me ne fanno un dovere,
Quantunque involontario.
Un delitto faria,
Se cercaste salvar le vita mia.

Ores. O quanto mi consola,
Questo pietoso affanno,
Come invola al martir il mio cor !
Da quel fatal momento,
Ahimè son già molt'anni,
Che alcun sul mio tormento,
Pianger non vidi ancor.

Coro. Casta figlia di latona,

*Le Sacerdotesse circondano Oreste, cantando il coro, che
segue, lo conducono nel santuario, dove l'adornano di
nastri e di ghirlande,*

Degna il canto d'ascoltar :
Questi voti, e questo incenso,
Al tuo piè possa volar ;
Tutto a te veggiam sommessò,
Entro il Ciel, la terra, il mar ;
Cede a te l'inferno stesso
Che il tuo nome fà tremar.
Ne la pace, e ne la guerra,

- Iph. My power forsakes me.
O moment replete with anguish !
- Ores Now the happy moment is come
To end my long enduring torments ;
And may this, O mighty Gods.
Put an end also to your revenge.
- Iph. Gracious Gods !
- Ores Refrain those tears
From your eyes copiously flowing ;
Let not my fate afflict you.
Death ! 'tis my only wish—
Strike !—*Iph.*—Oh hide from my sight
This horrible constancy ;
The Gods would have protected your days ;
If to death you yield, it is your fault.
- Ores These very Gods
Impose it on me as my duty ;
And however involuntary
The crime might be,
Yet I should be guilty, was I
This life to save.
- Ores O how these pangs of pity
Afford relief to my heart !
How pleasing is my death !
Alas ! it is many years since
I have seen a mortal being
Weep for my sorrows !

The Priestesses surround Orestes, singing the Chorus that follows ; they led him to the Sanctuary, where they adorn him with ribbands and garlands.

- Chor. Latona's Chaste Daughter,
To our pray'rs deign to listen :
These vows and these offerings,
May they by you accepted ;
We daily see every thing to you submissive
Between Heav'n, sea and earth ;
And Hell itself yields
To the sound of your name.
In peace, or war,

Te consulta tutto il suol ;
E il tuo culto. è il culto solo
Che da noi serbar si vuol.

Poi lo conducono dietro l'altare, e fanno delle libazioni, e de' profumi.

Ifi. Quale momento ! o Dei ! datemi aita.

Sacer. Deh venite o Ministra de numi,
L'opra augusta venite a compir.

Ifi. Barbari ! v'arrestate
Rispettate il mio affanno !

[Caminando con istento verso l'altare.

Dei ! tutto il sangue nel mio
Cor s'agghiaccia
Io tremo...e il braccio timido.

[Una sacerdotessa presenta la sacra scure, a Ifi.

Sacer. Ferite !

Ores In aulide così peristi ancora,
Ifigenia mia fuora.

Ifi. Oreste ! mio Germano !

Sacer. Oreste ! il nostro Re !

[s'inginouhiano.

Ores Che sento ! ed esser puote...

Ifi. Sì, è desso è il fratel mio...

Ores Mia forella ! Ifigenia
E quella, che vegg'io ?

Ifi. E quella, ch'ai furori
Di un Padre, e della Grecia
Sottrar Diana poteo.

Sacer. Sì, è quella Ifigenia.

Ifi. Ah fratello !

[Si getta nelle braccia d'Oreste.

Ores Ah mia fuora !

Si fiete voi, me lo protesta il core.

Ifi. O mio germano, o sospirato Oreste.

Ores Che ? voi potete amarmi ?

Voi orror non avete ?

Ifi. Ah spenta sia memoria sì funesta :

Lascia ch'io senta appien

L'eccesso del mio ben ;

Pria, che ti conoscessi

Di te il cor pieno avea :

Al mondo ai numi stessi,

Il mio german chiedea :

This earthly globe you guide ;
 And your occult will
 Sacred we'll ever preserve.

*Then they conduct him behind the altar and offer libations
 and perfumes.*

Iph. What moment, ye Gods, is this ? Assist me.

Priest. Approach sacred Priestesses of the Gods,
 Accomplish your holy work.

Iph. Stay, ye Barbarians,
 And respect my pangs !

[Walking with reluctance towards the altar.

Ye Gods ! my blood chills within my veins ;

I tremble ; and my timid arm—

[A Priestess presents the sacred knife to Iph.]

Priest. Strike

Ores In aulide to my Deas
 Iphigenia, my sister fell.

Iph. Orestes ! My Brother !

Priest. Orestes ! Our King ! *[They Kneel.]*

Ores What do I hear ? And can it be—

Iph. Yes, it is him, it is my brother—

Ores My sister ! Iphigenia !

Is it she whom I behold ?

Iph. Yes, it is she, who against the fury

Of a father and of Greece

Diana did protect.

Priest. Yet, it is Iphigenia ?

Iph. Oh brother !

[throws herself in the arms of

Ores Oh my sister !

Orestes.

Yes, you are my sister ; my heart assures it.

Iph. O my brother, my long wish'd Orestes !

Ores What ? can you still love me ?

And are you not shock'd at the sight of me ?

Iph. May that thought be buried in oblivion :

Let me enjoy the happiness

I now feel to glow within my breast :

Ere I knew you, my heart

Was full of you :

To the world, nay, to the Gods themselves,

I daily called to bring me to you :

Ecco già lo rimiro,
E già lo stringo al sen:
Mà che vegg'io!

SCENA X.

I Suddetti una Sacerdoteffa arrivando precipitosamente.

Fermate

Già, il mistero è scoperto:

Verfo noi già s'avanza il rio tiranno.

Ei fa che un de cattivi,

Destinati al supplizio,

Fugge, salvo da voi,

Lontan da questi lidi,

Furibondo, sdegnato

De l'altro or viene ad affrettare il fato.

Sacer. Soccorso o Dei!

Ifi. No non farà compito

L'abbominabil empio sacrificio:

Voi salvate il Ré vostro

Dal furor di Toante.

Egli è prole de numi,

Essi sien sua difesa.

SCENA XI.

I Suddetti Toante, Guardie, Seguito.

Toa. Delle tue trame si scopri la trama,
Il cielo tu tradivi,
E perder me tentavi,

[A Ifig.]

Now, joyfully, I see him,
And prefs him to my bosom :
But, alas....What do I behold !

SCENE X.

To them and Priestesses arriving in great haste.

Stay—the mystery is already discovered !
The cruel tyrant is advancing this way,
He knows full well that one of the youths
To death's adjudged, safely escapes
By your decree, distant from this shore.
Revengeful and furious now he comes
To hasten the other's death——

Priest. ——Assist us ye Gods !

Iph. No—the abominable sacrifice
Shall not be accomplished.
From Thoantes fury ;
You must save your king,
He is the offspring of the Gods,
And they will be his defender——

S

SCENE XI.

To them Thoantes, Guards, &c.

Tho. Your foul conspiracy is timely discovered :
Heaven itself you betrayed,
And my death you seek'd.

E tempo ormai, che i Numi
 Rimangan Soddisfatti, e tempo ormai,
 Di punir tua perfidia.
 Sacrifica costui;
 E possa il di lui sangue
 Espiar tanta audacia, e i falli tuoi.

Ifi. Quale comando! Barbaro!

Sacer. Giusti Numi Soccorso;
 Gli orrori allontanate,
 Che Questo istante annunzia.

Toa. Obbedite agli Dei,
 Parla il Ciel, tanto basta.
 Guaidie, voi secondate mi;
 Ch'egli sia preso.

Ifi. O Ciel! qual attentato!

Toa. Che ci tragga all' altare.

Ifi. Crudel! è mio germano!

Toa. Suo german!

Ores. Sì; lo sono.

Ifi. Mio germano, e mio Re
 Figliuolo d' Agamennone.

Toa. Ferite, chiunque sia.

Ifi. Non v' accostate, e voi
 Diendete il Ré vostro.

[*Alle guardie con farza.*

Toa. Vili! perchè arrearui,
 Sapró immolare io stesso,
 De la Dea sotto gli occhi;
 E l' Ostia, e il Sacerdote.

[*Le Sacerdotesse formano un semicircolo e Oreste rimane tra esse e l' altare.*

Ores. Immolar! chi? mia suora?

Toa. Sì, la deggio punire,
 E il sangue suo—

[*Si sente un strepito dietro il teatro.*

It is now time that the gods
Be satisfied.—And it is time also
To punish your perfidy—
Instantly immolate that wretch ;
And may his blood expiate
Your great audacity and crime.

Iph. Cruel, barbarous command !

Priest. Merciful gods assist us—
And the dread that now surrounds us,
Dispel from this spot.

Tho. Obey the gods—
Tis heaven that speaks—and be it enough.
Guards—lend me your aid.
And forthwith secure him.

Iph. Heaven, what an attempt !

Tho. Drag him to the altar.

Iph. Barbarous !—Inhuman !—Stay—he is my brother !

Tho. Her brother !

Ores. Yes, I am.

Iph. My brother and my king !
And Agamemnon's child.

Tho. Strike—whoever he may be.

Iph. Approach not. *[To the guards with warmth.*
And you defend your king.

Tho. Vile wretches ! why refrain ?

With my arm I'll strike,
Under the eye of the goddess,
The host and priest.

[The priestesses form a semicircle, and Orestes remains between them and the altar.

Ores. Strike ? Who ? My sister ?

Tho. Yes, she shall be punished
And her blood shall—

[A noise is heard behind the stage.

Sh

SCENE XII.

*I, suddenti—il tumulto cresce, si gettano giù le porte del tempio,
Pilade compare alla testa de Greci.*

Pilade—(lanciandori sopra Toante)

Pil. Tocca a te sol morire.
Coro. Del Re nostro ti vendichi il sangue
Feriam.—*Isf.*—Possenti Dei
Il fratel mio salvate.
Pil. Coraggio amici. [*I Greci respingono i Sciti.*
Ores. Pilade!
O mio liberator—
Pil. O raro amico. [*Nelle-braccia di Oreste.*
Coro. D'un popolo abborrito,
Vinci- } Esterminiam i più minuti avanzi,
tore. } Siamo ministri del furor celeste,
E purghiam questo lido,
In onore di Pilade, e d' Oreste.
Altro } Salviamoci fuggiamo.
Coro. } I lor colpi evitiamo
Pugna il Ciel per Oreste.

SCENA XIII.

*Diana discende in una nube in mezzo ai combattenti—Gli deiti,
e i Greci si mettono in ginocchio—Isfgenia, e le Sacerdotesse
alzano le mani verso la dea.*

Fermatevi—ascoltate
Il mio voler sovrano:
Sciti, de Greci in mano
L'immagin mia mette te,

SCENA XII.

To them—The noise increases, the gates of the temple are thrown down, Pylades appear at the head of a party of Grecians.

Pylades—(running furiously on Toantes)

Pyl. Thou alone shalt die.

Cho. The blood of our king we'll revenge,

Let us strike.—*Ipb.* O mighty gods

Save and defend my brother

Scythians.

Pyl. Courage my friends.

[The Grecians repulse the

Ores. Pylades—

Oh my deliverer!

Pyl. Oh my friend!

[In the arm. of Orestes.

Conq. } Let us pursue the dire revenge

Chorus. } O'er such barbrous nation.

We are ministers of celestial wrath;

And let us purge these shores,

To the honor of Orestes and Pylades.

Others } Let us take refuge—We'll run—

Chorus. } Their blows we must evade.

Heaven fights in Orestes' cause.

SCENE XIII.

Diana descends in a cloud between the combatants—the Scythians and Grecians kneel to her—Iphigenia and the Priestesses lift their hands up towards the Goddesses.

Stay—attend

My sovereign command

Ye Scythians, my image

Forthwith consign

Voi troppo lungamente—
 In questi climi di virtude avari
 Avviliste il mio culto, e i sacri altari.
 Io cura avrò de tuoi destini, Oreste.
 Cancella il tuo rimorso i tuoi delitti.
 Micene un Rege attende ;
 Va regna in pace ; e teco
 Torni Ifigenia a lo stupito Greco.

[Ritorna verso il cielo.

SCENA ULTIMA.

Ifig. Oreste, Pilade, Sacerdoteffe, Scit. Grec. &c.

Pila. Tua germana ! che sento !

Ores. Sii di mia gioja a parte,
 In questo amato oggetto,
 A cui la vita io deggio
 E' che un soave affetto,
 Fa caro a questo cuore,
 La germana, Ifigenia, or riconosci.

Coro.

Già li Dei si a fungo irati,
 Han compiuti i sacri oracoli ;
 Più timor non v'è d ostacoli,
 E sereno il giorno appar.
 Della pace il puro raggio
 Alle nubi or scioglie il velo ;
 Ride il mar, la terra il cielo,
 Ed a noi propizio appar.

F I N E.

In the hands of the Grecians.
 Too long you have in these
 Avaricious climates of virtue
 Abused my will, and my sacred altars.
 Orestes, your days I'll protect;
 Dispel your remorse and your crimes;
 In Mycene a Royalty awaits you;
 Go, and reign in peace;—
 And with Iphigenia return to the stupid Greece.
[Returns towards the sky.]

SCENE THE LAST.

Iph. Orestes, Pylades, Priestesses, Scyth. Grec. &c.

Pyla. Your sister! What do I hear!

Ores. Be you partaker of my joy
 With this lovely object,
 To whom alone my life I owe;
 This acquiescence will enhance
 The happiness that my heart now feels,
 And in Iphigenia, my sister, again behold!

Chorus.

With the wrath of Gods so long tormented,
 Their sacred oracles are now contented;
 No fear or dread can reign in our heart,
 While a calm day such impart;
 The rays of Peace, around proclaim
 Mirth and joy to ev'ry cloud they claim;
 The sea, the earth, and Heav'n they invite
 To join the lay and with one mirth unite,

F I N I S.

31/11/8